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## GENERAL HOOD'S ROMANCE.

Dramatic Incident in the Life of a Confederate Officer.

A writer in the Washington Chronicle relates the following dramatic incident in General Hood's life: There was visiting Mrs. Jefferson Davis in Richmond, at that time, a lady belonging to a family in the South of very powerful convictions, who, in beauty, cleverness and ambition, has never had her superior in that section. She was engaged to be married to General Hood. With all a woman's natural ambition for her promised husband, she determined, if possible, to help him to a position where his unqualified abilities as a fighter would find a proper sphere. The instant a change in the commander of the second great army of the Confederacy was noted, she saw her opportunity. "I will try to have you given the command of the Western Army," she wrote him, "and you must succeed!" General Hood was then about 33 years old, and had first distinguished himself in two of the greatest battles of the war as a division and corps commander. He was a man who was always ready to fight, no matter against what odds; and as the Army of the Tennessee could not be recruited much more, it was decided at Richmond that some one should command it who would risk two or three terrible battles, and if it were possible, get Sherman's corps far enough apart to fall on them and defeat them, each one at a time. So General Hood was selected. Every one knew he would fight whenever he got the chance, and that was mainly what was wanted at Richmond. It was a proud day for the stately woman he loved when it was announced that General Hood was to be raised provisionally to the grade of full General and given to this well-trained army. On the 17th of July (I believe that was the date) General Johnston was relieved, and it was understood that thereafter there would be no more flanking or strategic operations, but some terrible battles. Hood did his best, but the transcendent genius of Johnston was lacking, and the final battles of the 14th and 15th of December, 1864, in front of Nashville, nearly destroyed his army. After this occurred General Hood was sent for to come to Richmond at once. The day after his arrival he received a note from the lady mentioned, requesting him to call on her at his earliest convenience. There happened to be an officer with General Hood whom he knew very well when the note reached him, and he asked the officer to go with him to the house where Miss — was. After a few moments of waiting when they were announced the lady came in with a packet in her hand. "General Hood," she said, looking straight into his eyes, "when I became engaged to you I had the fullest faith in your success. I tried to help you, and did assist in having the command of the Army of Tennessee given you. You have failed; why or how is now beside the question. I can never bring myself to bear the name of a man who wears the prestige of defeat, and I sent for you to say that our engagement must be at an end. Here are your letters and some things you gave me. Now, good-bye, and let the dead past be forgotten. Good-bye!" While this was being said General Hood was standing on his crutches, for his leg was gone and one arm shattered. He turned very white but said not a word, nor did he look at the hand outstretched to bid him good-bye. He gravely bent his stately head and went out from her presence forever more. He never forgot nor forgave the bitter, cruel words, and years after, in speaking of the matter, he showed deep emotion. It was so hard to bear, for he had done all that the most distinguished courage could do to win. It was an awful position for the officer who went with him. When the conversation commenced he rose and walked over to a window in order that he might not be witness to what he foresaw would be a most painful scene. But he could not help hearing, and never until his dying day will he forget one of the most remarkable incidents of the war. General Hood in 1869 married Miss Marie Hennen, a daughter of Hon. D. N. Hennen, of New Orleans. She was a tall, handsome woman, worthy of her gallant and chivalric soldier husband. The sad death of both husband and wife in quick succession of the yellow fever in 1878 is still fresh in the public mind, as is the fact that they left nine little children, the eldest only nine years old, to the care of strangers.

Here are the weights of some of the largest bells in the world: "King of bells," Moscow, 443,732 pounds; St. Ivan's, Moscow, 127,830; great bell, at Pekin, 120,000; at Vienna 40,200; at Olmutz, Bohemia, 40,000; St. Paul's, London, 38,470; "Big Ben," Westminster, 30,350; at Montreal 28,500; St. Peter's, Rome, 18,600.

## WINNING PARDON.

A Wife's Persistent Work for Her Husband Gets Him Out of Jail.

A recent letter from Des Moines, Iowa, to the New York Sun says: A singular instance of a woman's persistence and success as a lobbyist has come to light here. In 1876 Edward Bruce, a wholesale liquor dealer of Keokuk, failed in business and became dissipated. He had had some business dealings with P. McNamara, a grocer. The latter had loaned him money on several occasions, but when he refused to accommodate Bruce any further a quarrel ensued. Bruce finally drew a revolver and tried to shoot, but bystanders prevented, and a policeman confiscated his weapon. Going home, Bruce took a nap, and on waking he went down town, bought another pistol, and going to McNamara's house shot him dead.

The tragedy caused intense excitement in Keokuk and vicinity, for it was considered one of the most wanted and unprovoked murders ever perpetrated in the State. Bruce was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and everybody supposed that he would remain there.

His wife set at work, however, without delay to secure his pardon. She is an attractive woman, of great force of character and perseverance, and she has not from the first entertained a doubt of her ultimate success. When she announced her intention of applying for his release it was thought that she must be crazy, for the difficulties to be overcome seemed insuperable. In this State the Governor cannot pardon a murderer unless the Legislature recommends it. To the members of the General Assembly Mrs. Bruce turned attention.

At the outset she received little encouragement, but as session followed session and she appeared regularly each time, tearful-eyed, but apparently confident, and seeming never to imagine that she was asking more than a mere personal favor, it was noticed that her strength increased. She was persistency itself. No legislator could escape her. She was everywhere that the Solons were, always imploring. When the Legislature was not in session, she was busy soliciting signatures to a petition, and almost every man of prominence in the State has at some time or other been urged to add his name to her list.

At the last session when it became apparent that her gradually increasing support had become formidable, the friends of the murdered man bestirred themselves, and in a few weeks they rolled up a petition against her that was five times the length of hers, for it was the general belief that her husband was suffering a well-merited punishment. Petitions did not count much, however, against her buttonholing tactics. The bill for the release of Bruce was introduced, and she haunted the Capitol at all hours when she could find anyone there and pleaded for its passage.

When it was reached on the calendar many effective speeches were made against it, but on the announcement of the vote it was found to have been carried by 55 against 40. In the Senate less difficulty was experienced, though the little woman was on hand all the time until the measure was disposed of. She won in the higher body by a vote of 26 against 13.

As soon as the bill had been passed she disappeared from the Capitol, and the opponents of the pardon who had rolled up the monster petitions against it left them with the Governor and made up their minds that he would ignore the action of the Assembly, as he legally could do. In this they were mistaken.

It is learned here now that Bruce walked out of the Fort Madison prison the other day clad in citizen's clothes; that he was driven to a small station on the Burlington road, where Mrs. Bruce, equipped with many trunks for travelling, joined him, and that they took an evening train bound for the north. They were out of the State long before the news of the Governor's action was known. While there is some disposition to criticize him, nearly everybody is willing to admit that the wife has earned some sort of a reward for her devotion and perseverance. It is supposed that the reunited couple have gone to Dakota, where Bruce's father lives.

## Female Schools of Medicine.

"From what sources do the women physicians derive their medical education?" asked a New York Telegram reporter of Mrs. Mary Jacobi, M. D.

"There are only three female regular schools of medicine in the United States to-day," replied Mrs. Jacobi, "the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, which has been thirty years in existence; the New York Medical College of the New York

Infirmary, otherwise called the Blackwell College, after the sisters Blackwell, who founded it fifteen years ago, and the Female Medical College of Chicago, established six or seven years ago. A number of ladies go each year to study and graduate in France and Switzerland, where they are admitted to the State schools of medicine. Denmark, Sweden, Italy and Russia also admit women to the State medical schools, but American girls do not take advantage of the privilege. In Austria ladies attend private classes where they receive instruction from surgeons and physicians of reputation. Women are excluded from medicine in England and Germany. In England facilities for their medical education are accorded only by the University of London and by the Queen's College in Dublin. The course of the German government has been very capricious. In this city women are admitted to clinical instruction at Bellevue Hospital and receive invitations from many of the best physicians of other hospitals to attend their clinical lectures. With regard to midwifery I may say that a good many women, chiefly in the German quarters of large cities, practice that branch of the profession under foreign diplomas received from schools especially established for the training of midwives. About a year ago an attempt was made to get up a college of midwifery in New York, but the County Medical Society, after full discussion, pronounced against the project, and I myself regard the scheme as most undesirable, at least as it was projected."

## Bitten by a Cobra.

Among many instances of snake-bite poisoning I have seen was a strong young Brahmin of twenty, well known to me, who had been bitten during the night while watching his maize crop. Ere I knew of it he had brought him into my compound in front of the bungalow. As yet he walked quite steadily, only leaning slightly on the arm of another man. There was that peculiar drowsy look in his eyes, however, as from a strong narcotic, which indicated his having been bitten for some time, and left but little room for hope now. He could still clearly tell me the particulars. He had been bitten, he said, on putting his foot to the ground while moving off his charpoy in the dark, but, thinking the bite was that of a non-poisonous snake, had given no more heed to the matter and gone to sleep again, till he was awakened by his friends coming in search of him. With some difficulty I was able to find the bite—very faint, no larger than the prick from a pin, but still the unmistakable double mark of the poison fangs. He felt the poison, he said, gradually ascending the limb, and pointed to a part just above the knee, where he felt it had already reached, the limb below that being, he said, numb, and painless to the touch, like the foot when "asleep." I gave him the usual remedies, and kept him walking to and fro, but gradually his limbs seemed to be losing their power of voluntary motion, and his head was beginning to droop from the overpowering drowsiness that was surely gathering over him. At intervals he pointed out the poison line steadily rising higher, and was still able to answer questions clearly on being roused. At length it seemed to be of no use torturing him further by keeping him moving about, and he was allowed to remain at rest. Shortly after this, while being supported in a sitting posture, all at once, without any preliminary sign, he gave one or two long sighs, and life ceased, about an hour after he had himself walked into the compound. There was something terribly real in this faculty of pointing out each stage of the ascending poison (as the snake-bitten patient always can) that was gradually bringing him nearer and nearer to death, with the prospect of only another hour or half hour remaining to him; and yet the patient does not seem to realize this with the keenness that an on-looker does, probably from the poison benumbing at the same time the powers of the mind as well as the body.—All the Year Round.

## Without Argument.

He was a young lawyer, and was delivering his maiden speech. Like most young lawyers, he was florid, rhetorical, scattering and weary. For four weary hours he talked at the Court and the jury, until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through, his opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said:

"Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished; and submit the case without argument."

Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS

The military salute is a survival of the knightly salute made to the queen of beauty, and signifies a shielding of the eyes from the gloriousness of her aspect.

William III, Queen Anne, the four Georges, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Albert and the Princess Alice all died on a Saturday. Prince Leopold died on a Friday and broke the spell.

A gunsmith, of Charlotte, N. C., has made a novel gun for a man who is blind in his right eye, and who cannot shoot from his left shoulder. The stock of the gun is curved so that when the butt is placed against his right shoulder the gun-barrel falls in a straight line with his left eye.

When "Chinese" Gordon first visited the Seychelles Islands, and saw the curious grove of palm trees there—which grew in pairs, and if one is cut down its mate also dies—he at once indited an official dispatch announcing that he had discovered the original Garden of Eden, in which trees of good and evil were still flourishing.

Cards are said to have been invented about the year 1300, to divert Charles the Fourth, then King of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

The Brahmins are believed to have invented our numerals—1 to 10—prior to the Christian era, and the Arabians, who became familiar with them about the year 900 A. D., introduced them into Spain, whence they spread all over Europe.

An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of \$4,000. It was formed of white enamel; on the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

According to the Chinese, clock making has been known to them for many thousand years. They labored, however, under this drawback. They did not know how to give the final touch by which the lid is fastened in the only method that struck them as feasible being to place a boy in the while the cooper tightened the hoops and secured the lid in its position. But how was the boy to be got out? This remained an unsolved problem for three thousand years.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

In the humblest trade there is room for all the virtues.

Things sweet to the taste prove to be sour to the digestion.

Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for the ages.

Some men are like pyramids, very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they touch the sky.

Education is the best capital with which we can endow our children, but it is not wise to confine them so steadily to the task of acquiring it that their physical welfare is neglected. A sound mind should dwell in a sound body.

Mirrors are the companions of dandies, not heroes. The men of history were not perpetually looking in the glass to make sure of their own size. Absorbed in their work they did it, and did it so well that the wondering world saw them to be great, and labeled them accordingly.

Prosperity tries the human heart with the deepest probe and draws forth the hidden character.

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing and rejoicing.

Hypocrites are wicked; they hide their defects with so much care that their hearts are poisoned by them.

## A Large Family.

"The yellow Italian bees are gentler than the brown wild bees; and it is said that the Italian bee has a longer proboscis, and so can get honey from the red clover, which is so abundant hereabout. I thought they were better; for, when I was a very poor man, I bought an Italian queen bee in the big city of New York, and paid twenty dollars for her, and I have never yet repented of my extravagance. I have now sixty-nine hives of pure Italian bees, and they are all the descendants of my pretty queen. Allowing forty thousand bees to swarm, which is a moderate number, it is not a bad showing for her majesty. Let me see, forty thousand by sixty-nine makes—well, at least two and a half millions of living descendants, besides dozens of queens I have given away, with all their descendants; these, added to the multitudes that have lived and died in the meantime, must make altogether, not far from two hundred millions in twelve years."—St. Nicholas.

## HUMOROUS.

"I thought you were a dame of Miss Bulhon, Mr. Dood," said Slim. "I thought so too," said the other, "until the old man put me out one night."

A belle, who six months ago was so languid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a fat-iron fifty-six feet, and hits her husband every time.

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

"Evergreen hedges may be trimmed," remarks a fashion paper. The prevailing style, however, is to have them plain. An evergreen hedge trimmed with bangle beads and point lace ought never to be popular.

The Indians are gradually gaining wisdom from contact with civilization. A Sioux brave, who is an awfully poor shot, has been contemptuously named by his fellow braves "The Woman-Who-Throws-Stones-At-The-Hens."

Will you have roast-beef, corn-beef, roast-pork, pork-and-beans, ham-and-bacon, or hash? rattled the pretty waitress to Jones the first night at the new boarding-house. The bashful man blushed and remarked that "he believed he would, thanks."

"Do you believe that a woman now-a-days would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the Esau; "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

A New York man moodily announced that he must buy him a stout pair of new boots, but the significance of the remark was wholly lost on the dude who was making his constitutional call on the moody man's daughter.

## What Will Burst a Gun.

In bravo a young man placed the muzzle of his fowling piece under the water, and fired the charge. The result was the bursting of the barrel near the breech and the mutilation of his hand. Another placed and held the muzzle of his piece square against a piece of plate window glass, and fired the charge—powder and a bullet. The glass was shattered, so was the gun barrel. Another instance was that of an experimenter who had heard that a candle could be fired from the barrel of a gun through an inch board. He drove a candle into the muzzle of the gun, fired, and the explosion split the barrel almost its entire length, and did not even drive the candle from the muzzle. Still another burst of a gun barrel was caused by the use of wet grass for a wad, well rammed down over a charge of shot. But perhaps one of the most singular exhibitions in this line was a Colt's navy revolver, which some years ago was sent to the factory in Hartford, Conn. This was before the adaptation of these pistols to the metallic cartridges, and it is probable that in loading with open powder and ball only a small amount of powder got into the chamber, and the bullet was not propelled with sufficient force to drive it from the muzzle; at least the bullet did not go out, but lodged. As the shooter did not know whether the bullet escaped or not, he kept on firing till the barrel burst or bulged, and when it was sawed in two longitudinally there were found fourteen bullets wedged one into the other, and so much "upset" by the hammering of the successive explosions of the powder charges that some of them were not less than one inch in diameter, being flattened disks instead of conical bullets.—Scientific American.

## Playthings of Children in Africa.

The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them "play baby" with little pigs. The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun." Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

In one African tribe the boys have spears made of reeds, shields, bows, and arrows, with which they imitate their father's doings; and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, the African children, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making believe." They imitate the life around them, not playing "keep house," "go visiting," or "give a party," because they see none of these things in their homes; but they pretend building a hut, making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat.

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